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commerce united in developing new habits of thought. Thus, as related in Chapter X, it became possible, not only for German mysticism to liberate the northern nations from the Roman yoke, but for Paracelsus, Franck, Gruet, Servetus, and Copernicus to begin still more extensive innovations. The concluding chapter urges that mystics, skeptics, liberal Christians, and scientists, have all had their places among the champions of freedom, that this great cause has been peculiarly indebted to the labors of scholars, and that the interests of high culture, biblical criticism, female emancipation, tolerance, political liberty, free inquiry, and pure morality, have all been found to be identical.

TWO WAYS TO TEACH.

There are two ways to teach: the one of man—
By symbols nice that catch the ready ear,
Woven with neatest logic, so one can
Build up an argument of words, nor fear
His house will fall—till some revealer clear,
With insight sure, point to the hollow word,
Which, seeming solid, shuns the glance severe.
This way is man's, shifting and error-blurred,
Wrought of the intellect, not living, spirit-stirred.

The other is of God, a living way,
Careless of symbol, with the truth made strong,
Indifferent to the semblance of delay,
All-utilizing ills and seeming wrong,
Begetting martyrs; in the issue long
Accepting humble hearts to make them see
Their parts made certain, hear the mighty song
Sphere-sung, by ages helped and spirits free,
And e'en unconscious lisped by frail humanity.

B. R. BULKELEY.

CONCORD, MASS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

There have been other suns, and still shall be,
Whose steady radiance draws
A host obedient to its golden laws,
Systems that shine and shade responsively.
This man was like the Earth,
Which feeds her strengthening juices everywhere,
And, dreading naught but dearth,

Lends to each life that asks of her at need
That food which swells the seed
To its especial dower.
Careless to shape, careful to feed the flower,
So broad souls drew their liberal life from thee,
And high souls learned how pure a man could be
Who worshipped Purity.

When Death shall bare
Our unaccustomed spirits of these hands,
Answering their hourly prayer,
These eyes and ears whose lordly influence
Binds thought itself to sense,
Shall we not walk awhile as in new lands
With old needs reaching for lost utterance ?
Thou, Seer, will not stand lonely on that shore
Where free men wander—thou wast free before.
The high transparent speech
That floated out of reach
Of our air-currents, though we felt its breath
And knew it knew not death,
Will find interpretation swift and fair
In that serener air ;
A brother's voice alike to old-time Sages,
And to the child which One set in the midst
To teach the ages.

Thy large, wise phrase fell grandly from the Greek,
And smoother singing has our ears beguiled ;
What matter ? We shall listen when you speak,
Our Plato when you sang—our Poet when you smiled !

FANNIE R. ROBINSON.